WAR REMINISCENCES

THE DRUMMER BOY.

Heroic Act That Terminated the Career of a Small Soldier.

It was in the latter part of August, 1863, and the great army of the Cumberland was moving through the defiles of the Cumberland mountains, along the Tennessee, in pursuit of Bragg's retreating forces. The weather was scorching hot, the mountain trails were crushed into streams of dust, and the bronzed, blue-clad men suffered, at times, very much from want of water. I belonged to the cavalry, and I shall never forget the shout that went up from my men when, after having marched 24 hours without water, we halted on the crest of a hill, from which we could see, far below, green fields where the wagons were parked and the horses grazing, and the blue smoke pillars that marked the camp fires of the infantry; but more beautiful to our eyes than all was the broad, majestic Tennessee, sweeping westward about the hills. We rode down and were

"I DETERMINED TO GIVE THE LAD LAD A LIFT."

greeted with a cheer by our comrades in the valley.

The cavalry brigade went into camp near the "Fighting Fifteenth" infantry, and here for the first time I saw "Neddy" Watts, the diminutive drummer boy, who had become the idol of the bronzed soldiers. He was a bright boy of 14, dressed in a rusty blue uniform, and small for his years, looking wholly unfit for the hardships of such a campaign. But he was as cheery and bright as if he considered this desperate work the merest play. I learned from the men of the Fifteenth that Neddy's mother died when he was a little child. His father, the color sergeant of the regiment, was killed at Stone river eight months before this. How the boy chanced to drift down from Cincinnati to the [illegible] not clearly explained, but [illegible]s that as soon as he approached the camp of the Fighting [illegible]th, and announced himself as the son of Sergt. Watts, he was at once adopted and made the drummer of the color company.

At daybreak the next morning the infantry began to ford the river. It was up to the waist of the tallest man. As our bugle sounded "Boots and Saddles" I bethought me of the boy. I was mounted on a powerful horse and, being but a youth myself, and comparatively light, I determined to give the lad a lift. Being a commissioned officer I had the license to do this. The advance of the Fifteenth was already in the river when I rode to the boy, who had his drum on his back, while a tall, bearded giant was preparing to carry him over on his shoulders. Neddy was delighted at my proposition, and when my purpose was understood by the soldiers a hundred hands were ready to lift him into the saddle beside me.

At this point the Tennessee is fully a half mile wide, so that I had a good chance to talk to Neddy as we went over. I found him sweet and innocent, as if he had never known the want of a generous father's protection or a loving mother's care. When I set him down on the opposite bank he drew himself up like a soldier, and with a military salute, said: "I thank you very much for the ride, captain, and I hope to see you again." "I hope to meet you, too, Neddy," I replied; "good-by and God bless you," and so we parted.

When I saw Neddy Watts again it was under the most trying circumstances and on the awful field of Chickamauga. It was Sunday, the 20th of September, and on the previous day the right and left wings of our army had been unexpectedly set upon by the enemy and routed. Only the center remained intact under the command of that gallant soldier, Gen. Thomas, and on its stability and valor depended the fate of the army of the Cumberland. Along with Gen. Thomas was a remnant of the Fighting Fifteenth. When the battle began 600 of that gallant regiment responded to the roll call; now there were only 197 left, and among them was Neddy Watts, the drummer boy.

The cavalry brigade to which I was attached was dismounted and sent to the front to aid the infantry in holding the hill of Chickamauga. As we lay upon the ground waiting for the enemy I glanced along the line and near the colors I saw the diminutive form and the rusty drum of the boy I had helped across the Tennessee.

The enemy were about 300 yards away, and a terrible fire was poured across this space from both sides. The intervening ground was covered with the dead and wounded of both armies, many of whom were crying for water to appease their burning thirst.

When a man becomes helpless and suffering in battle, we forget the color of his uniform and, uncaring whether he be friend or foe, the humanity which is common to all men urges us to help him. From where we lay we could distinctly hear a gray-bearded confederate officer, who sat with his back to a tree, and whose legs were shattered by a cannon shot, crying piteously for water. Before his purpose could be divined, or a hand raised to stay him, Neddy Watts, who had a canteen like other soldiers, could be seen creeping forward on his hands and knees, the drum at his back making him particularly conspicuous. We understood his purpose, and after he had refused the appeals to come back we sent up a cheer to encourage him.

Solid shot and shell and musket bullets by the thousand crashed and shrieked and whistled across this space; but Neddy Watts paid no heed to them. His purpose was to save and not to destroy. He reached the wounded foeman, and we could see him holding his canteen to the gray lips until the burning thirst was stayed. His mission over Neddy left the canteen in the man's hands and turned to make his way back to the lines of the Fifteenth. At that instant a shell exploded not five feet away. The boy leaped to his feet, threw up his hands and, staggering back, fell dead in the arms of the man to whose rescue he had gone.

When darkness brought a cessation of the battle, some of Neddy's comrades crept out of the line to recover the body, and they found him lying as if asleep in the arms of the dead confederate.—Home Magazine.

A CRAZY MULE.

How He Played Havoc in Camp and Led a Charge on the Enemy.

"For years after the war," said the major, "an old army mule, called Crazy Jim, roamed at will about our home neighborhood and was treated with great consideration. And yet in the service I have heard a score of men swear by all that was good or bad they would kill that same mule at the first opportunity. He was chosen for the company wagon, on his shape and size, but he was tricky and mischievous almost beyond belief. No matter how he was haltered or tied, he would break loose and come into quarters at night. While we were in wedge tents Jimmy would come nosing around for hardtack or potatoes, would turn over camp kettles and dismantle haversacks, and would manage in some way to loosen guy ropes and pegs so as to bring down two or three tents every night.

"When we discarded all tents except the small shelters, and slept mostly without housing of any kind, Jimmy would prowl around, stepping on men's feet, snorting in men's ears, and creating a panic by his wild efforts to run over everybody in pretended anxiety to get away. The mule had been sentenced to death and was being led out to the execution, when the teamster came down with a writ from the colonel and rescued him. The next night Jimmy broke into the kitchen department of the colonel's quarters and played havoc generally. Then the colonel ordered him shot, and Jimmy, double-haltered to a stake, was awaiting his fate when the camp was attacked.

"As the regiment hurriedly formed the teamster cut Jimmy loose, and as our company double-quicked to the

CRAZY JIM.

north the mule scampered after us. After a few volleys we made a rush on the enemy, and Jimmy went forward at a gallop, a lope or two ahead of the line, on the left. In fact, he struck the enemy first and acted like a mule possessed. He repeated his old tactics in quarters with variations, running this way and that over every confederate in sight, and did as much to demoralize the enemy as half a dozen men.

"When we had driven the enemy off and returned to the scene of the fight we found Jimmy among the wounded. The boys literally carried him into camp and spent hours in inventing appliances for his comfort, and in caring for him. Jimmy came out of his troubles a changed mule. He never broke a halter after that except when there was a fight on hand, and then the boys encouraged his deviltry. Not long after his recovery Jimmy led a mule stampede straight over the enemy's lines in bivouac, and as he appeared in our own quarters the next morning with a self-satisfied look in his eyes, the boys believed he knew what he was about. At all events he became a great pet, and when we were discharged was taken home to become a neighborhood pet."—Chicago Inter Ocean.

ARTHUR PUE GORMAN

For Thirty Years He Has Been a Figure in National Life.

Although No Longer a Member of the Senate, His House at Washington Still Is One of the Centers of Political Activity.

In the last 30 years there has been no man on the democratic side of the United States senate who surpassed Arthur Pue Gorman, of Maryland, in qualities of parliamentary leadership. During the later years of his service nobody was so rash as to venture to challenge his control of the party on the floor, and now that he is no longer a member of the senate he is missed daily. There have been few men in the history of congress, if any, to whom legislation has become so much a habit of life as Gorman. From the day when he secured an appointment as page, when a boy, until March 4, 1899, when a change in the party control of Maryland brought his service as senator to a close, he dwelt almost continuously in the atmosphere of the capitol.

There have been other men who, by long service in one or the other branches of congress, have become intimately acquainted with the niceties of legislative procedure, and have become adepts in the work of framing and passing bills, without attaining the heights of leadership. Gorman has political prescience as well, and it is this which has given him his mastery. He is one of those who can understand motives and sense popular feeling. He understands the science of organization and realizes how indispensable it is to party success. He has the rare faculty of inspiring confidence among those whom he would lead, so that where he marks the way few hesitate to follow.

Gorman believes thoroughly in "the machine." He is one of the political leaders who have been distinguished with the title of "boss," and, in the

ARTHUR PUE GORMAN.
(A Power in Politics, Although No Longer an Official.)

minds of many, it is undoubtedly true that this phase of his character has been more conspicuous than any other—so conspicuous, indeed, as to throw all others in the shade. But there is a broader side of his character, with which those who have served with him in congress, whether of his own political faith or not, have been familiar. He is a master of political methods, but he is a student of governmental policies as well. There were few questions which came before congress during his term in the senate to the study of which he did not devote himself and concerning which he did not have well-defined ideas.

Gorman looks like a priest or a diplomat, with his smoothly-shaven face, his finely chiseled features, his thin lips pressed closely together, and a gray eye that is keen and searching in its gaze. One of his greatest charms is a smile that is winning and confidential, even when some political scheme is lurking beneath it. Nobody can retain personal enmity for Gorman after coming in close contact with him. Gorman is almost as much a resident of Washington as he is of Maryland, and his Washington house is open almost the year round—even now, when he is no longer a member of the senate.

He has lost none of his political activity, although, for the first time since the war, he no longer holds any office. He still keeps his finger on the party machinery, and looks ahead to the day when he and those who think with him will be in complete control. He is young yet, as politicians go, having only 60 years to his credit, and many things may happen before his final retirement from the political field.

Christian Workers to Unite.

The national executive committee which is to take charge of the movement for a national federation of Christian workers has been organized, with headquarters in New York. The first national conference will be held some time next year. The work of this executive committee will be to foster communication between local church federations, with special reference to supplying information in regard to the work in all parts of the country; to provide counsel and to promote the organization of city and state federations; to report a plan for the basis of membership in the conference next year; to arrange for the conference next year, and to devise a plan for raising the money necessary to defray expenses.

War Sells Newspapers.

The circulation of the London newspapers has increased from 20 to 100 per cent. since the beginning of the war in South Africa.

Good for the Printers.

Health Commissioner Wilkie, of Oshkosh, Wis., has issued an order requiring milk dealers to use a ticket only once.

WOMAN AND HOME

BUILD YOUR NEST LOW.

Advice to Girls from Mary Lowe Dickinson, General Secretary of the King's Daughters.

One who had been listener while a bright girl announced most ambitious aspirations and purposes for her own life answered, gently: "You may be right, dear child, but do not forget that 'the singing birds build low.'"

If your flight is above the roof trees, if your hearts are to be high up among the wind-rocked boughs, the home nest cannot fail to suffer loss. And apart from the loss to those who remain, the daughter who goes out often finds too late that the low nest was safest and best. There are colder winds on the mountain crags, and it is the birds of prey that build their nests on high.

After all our thinking and talking of progress for man or woman, it is true that nothing ever comes to us that is as sweet as the life of home. Let women seek largest culture, the broadest freedom, the highest service. All goes well while they keep the home love warm. When that love wavers, it is time to pause. We are building our nests in the wrong place. Singing birds are to make melody, first, for our nearest and dearest, and when our best is too good for the home we are placing our nests too high.

For some of the sweetest of our daughters and sisters there is a creeping danger here. Not danger that they shall be too brave, too strong, too learned, or that their weapons shall be too heavy or too sharp—but danger that, in the joy of wielding them, they forget that all their gifts and powers must ultimately be used for homes, if not for their own, for the homes of others. The true woman may build high, but she cannot for very long dwell above the home. In her hands is its regeneration and its exaltation into the noblest institution of God. She may not herself hold therein the place of wife, mother or daughter, but so long as in her heart she holds home most sacred and devotes her highest powers to the objects that uplift all homes, her nest is low, and her voice shall be to the world as sweet as the song of the birds.—Mary Lowe Dickinson, in St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

UNIQUE BABY WALKER.

A Nursery Appliance Which Has Real Hygienic Value Besides Being a Plaything.

The equipment of the modern nursery is about as complete as the gymnasium for the training of the child in its maturer years. The appliances run all the way from rattles to miniature merry-go-rounds, not to mention ring-around-a-roseys rings, hobby horses and similar childish diversions. Something in the same line, and intended for the very first lessons in walking, as well as for the gradual development of his sturdy nether extremities, while they are undergoing the transformation from the cartilaginous to the bony structure, is the baby walker here illustrated. This consists

IT TEACHES BABY TO WALK.

of an elevated track, adapted to be readily taken up and laid down, and a suitable go-cart, or chair, suspended from the track, on rollers or wheels. Edward Firnhaber, of Worms, Neb., is the inventor. He claims that this arrangement enables the child to learn to walk without bowing his legs, as the child naturally throws its greatest weight on the chair. Then, too, this walking track is a never-ending source of amusement to the child, as he can play "choo-choo" "tolly-tar" and six-day-go-as-you-please to his heart's content, without injury. It is a valuable adjunct of the nursery, if for no other reason than that it amuses baby and keeps him out of corners and away from the stairs.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

A Wise Mexican Bird.

Mexico has a clever bird called the melanarpes, which has discovered a new use for the telegraph pole. At the foot of the post this bird makes a large hole, in which it rears its family. Somewhat higher up the post it makes an observatory, from which bored holes permit it to observe the horizon in every direction. Still higher this sagacious bird makes its storehouse, and thus the pole serves as its house, fortress and warehouse.

Dusting Polished Furniture.

The more highly a surface is polished the more liable it is to show the marks of anything that is passed over it. The best materials for dustcloths are soft, worn silk, worn French flannel, and a fine quality of cheese-cloth. A damp cloth will cloud the polish of furniture and therefore should not be used.—Ladies' Home Journal.

SOUTH AFRICAN WOMAN.

Feminine Pulchritude Among the Zulus and Kaffirs Is Judged by Avoirdupois.

The Kaffir women of South Africa are as noted for their efforts to be beautiful as are their white sisters of other and more civilized lands. They pay great attention to beautifying their bodies. They are great athletes and their life in the open air makes them physically strong and well formed. They are particular about the condition of their skin, and daily bathe and anoint the entire body, massaging it until it shines like ebony. They are plump and well rounded, and usually of a handsome bronze color.

The style of dressing the hair is next in importance. Their kinky locks are filled with a clay ointment, by means of which they retain any position desired without the use of pins or other fastenings.

The single women stretch their hair into a peak at the top of the back of the head, where it remains for weeks in a solid mound. The married women twist the front hair into a fringe of tiny curls by mixing the hair with clay and then twisting it between the fingers. These twists hang thickly down over the forehead, and really deserve the name of fringe, looking very much like the fringe of the Russian poodle. The back hair they dress in a variety of ways, using clay always to straighten out the kinks and keep them straight.

Young women wear only beads and beaded ornaments, but these are quite profuse. The only semblances of garments are a short beaded apron and a chest protector. The gauge of beauty is plumpness. The plumper the girl the more beautiful she is con-

ZULU BELLE IN FULL DRESS.

sidered and the more valuable she is to her parents, for her admirer pays "lobolo," or a sort of dot, for her, and the greater the beauty the more cattle he will pay.

For financial reasons, therefore, girl babies are more to be desired than boys, and the more girls a mother has, the prouder she is. Girls are more desirable than boys for another reason—the women do all the work. Men are expected only to go to war, hunt and enjoy themselves, while the women wait upon them, till the ground, gather in the crops and manufacture everything in the way of housekeeping utensils. They dig the ore out of the ground and smelt it.

In cases of war between tribes, the women are always saved and become the wives of the conquerors, and their descendants are accounted as belonging also to the tribes of the conquerors. In this way the tribes are becoming fewer and fewer each year, for they prey upon each other every harvest time, taking away the crops, cattle, goats and women after killing off all the men.—N. Y. Tribune.

WOMEN IN BUSINESS.

A Number of Respects in Which Employers Find Them Less Efficient Than Men.

"I have recently been interested in ascertaining the definite reasons why employers have felt that the positions in their establishments were not most effectively filled by women," writes Edward Bok of "The Return of the Business Woman," in the Ladies' Home Journal. "The reasons are as varied as they are interesting. The lack of physical endurance and the unreliability caused by physical considerations were the main causes. The lack of executive ability was given as the main reason in positions of trust, and the friction caused by the objection of women subordinates to receive orders from one of their own sex. Pending or impending matrimonial engagements were also a very pronounced cause. The proprieties also came in for their share, the merchant not feeling that he could ask his female secretary or clerk to remain after business hours. The trader felt that he could not send a woman off on a mission which required hasty packing and preparation for travel at an hour's notice. In a number of cases women seemed to object, and were inclined to accuse their employers of forgetting the social amenities when they spoke sharply to them. In these cases women always seemed to remember that they were women, and made their employers remember it, too. Illness in the family, which would not necessitate a man's absence at the office, keeping the woman at home, was another reason. And so went on the reasons which made employers decide that they preferred men to women in their offices. And as I carefully went over the reasons, each pointed to simply one thing: the unnatural position of woman in business."

The Present Limit.

The government allows only 45 stars in the United States flag.

MARCH AND APRIL
Are the Most Disagreeable Months of the Year in the North.

In the South, they are the pleasantest and most agreeable. The trees and shrubs put forth their buds and flowers; early vegetables and fruits are ready for eating, and in fact all nature seems to have awakened from its winter sleep. The Louisville & Nashville Railroad Company reaches the Garden Spots of the South, and will on the first and third Tuesdays of March and April sell round trip tickets to all principal points in Tennessee, Alabama, Georgia and West Florida, at about half rates. Write for particulars of excursions to P. Sid Jones, D. P. A., in charge of Immigration, Birmingham, Ala., or Jackson Smith, D. P. A., Cincinnati, O.

First Medical Student—"I believe in letting well enough alone." Second Medical Student—"Then you'll never make a successful doctor."—Philadelphia Record.

Coughing Leads to Consumption.

Kemp's Balsam will stop the Cough at once. Go to your druggist to-day and get a sample bottle free. Large bottles 25 and 50 cents. Go at once; delays are dangerous.